News of Past Week Here Repeated for Busy Man

Constant Reader Tells Him What He Missed in Last Week's Papers.

"I'll have to depend on you again to post me on the news developments of the last week," said Busy Man last night to Constant Reader. "Give me the political news first. Does Mr. Roosevelt's re-entry into the arena mean a battle or a suicide?"

"I'll tell you what's happened, and you can decide for yourself," replied Constant Reader.

"Mr. Taft carried all but seven delegates out of the ninety to the Republican National Convention in the New York primary election. The votes in the contest in this city gave the Taft candidates a plurality of about two to one over the Roosevelt candidates, but the polling was so irregular, owing to the wildest sort of confusion arising from late distribution of the ballots, that both voting and returns were highly incomplete. Ballots reached many polling places so late as practically to exclude many from voting who were unable to wait long enough. Governor Dix sent a special message to the Legislature at Albany inclosing a telegram received from Charles H. Duell, chairman of the Roosevelt Committee of New York City, suggesting that another primary be held here because of the delay in delivering ballots at at polls, and an opinion from Attorney General Carmody that legislation may be necessary to this end. The Governor made no recommendations on the subject.

"Colonel Roosevelt's most stinging campaign speech thus far was delivered at Chicago. He bitterly denounced his opponents and charged the Taft managers with using fraud and trickery to defeat him. Colonel Roosevelt said it was a fighting speech. It was delivered to a throng which packed the Auditorium and cheered him enthusiastically. The result of the primaries in New York furnished the text for his speech. He declared that they were 'a criminal farce,' and cited many instances in which he said his opponents had resorted to practices 'worse than Tweed's.' He expressed the belief that in the great majority of the districts of the country the people were with him and that the opposition was attempting to defeat him by methods which he characterized as 'infamous.'

"Controlling the Indiana Republican convention by a majority of 105 out of the 1,433 delegates, supporters of President Taft elected their four candidates for delegates-at-large to the national convention and instructed them to vote for the renomination of the President. The vote was 772 to 667. Advocates of the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt, charging that they had a majority of the delegates, which had been made ineffective because of the 'road roller' methods of the Taft organization, held an independent convention while the crowd was leaving the hall and elected four delegates-at-large instructed for the ex-President. The contest will be carried to the Chicago convention, the Roosevelt managers say.

"By a vote of 5 to 2 the members of the special committee which conducted the second investigation of the election of Senator William Lorimer, of Illinois, adopted a series of resolutions declaring that no additional testimony had been brought to light to justify the reversal of the judgment of the Senate when the case was first considered, and that the investigation has not shown that corrupt practices and methods were employed in his election.

"By a vote of 40 to 34 the Senate at Washington exonerated Senator Isaac Stephenson, of Wisconsin, of the charges of bribery and corruption in his election, and sustained his title to his seat. Sixteen Republicans and eighteen Democrats voted against the motion of Senator Heyburn and the adoption of the majority report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections. Twenty-eight Republicans and twelve Democrats voted for it.

"The eighth Senatorial ballot at Santa Fe, N. M., resulted in the election of A. B. Fall and T. B. Catron, Republicans, as United States Senators.

"The legislative session of 1912 at Albany came to an end. It was an end desired no less by the people here than the people around the state, who have looked with disgust on a shiftless, drifting, resultless three months of jobbery and dickering between the Governor and his Tammany colleagues and petty partisan fighting between the Democratic Senate and the Republican Assembly. On the last day of the session the Assembly passed the Murray woman suffrage constitutional amendment. Then later, owing to the consternation of somebody up aloft, it was decided that this had to be undone. By reconsidering the vote by which the bill was passed on a motion of Assemblyman Cuvillier the whole proposition was put on the table, where it stayed.

"The Wagner subway bill for New York City was passed by the Senate at Albany by a vote of 38 to 3, under an emergency message from the Governor. An emergency message on the measure was also sent to the Assembly, and that body later passed the measure, which is now in the hands of the Governor for signature."

"What have you in the way of general news in your mental storehouse?" asked Busy Man.

"The fastest Dreadnought in the American navy, and probably in the world, is the title claimed for the government built battleship Florida, which made 22.54 knots on her standardization trial over the course off Rockland, Me. The British Dreadnought Vanguard, with a record of 22.50 knots, had been considered previously the fleetest battleship of the world, and the Florida's sister ship, the Utah, built at a private yard, made a record of 21.637 knots on her fastest trial run.

"Claude Swanson Allen, the twenty-two-year-old son of Floyd Allen and one of those indicted for the courthouse murders in Hillsville, Va., gave himself up. Friel Allen was also captured. Sidna Allen and Wesley Edwards are so closely pressed on the south side of the Blue Ridge that they probably will be captured within a few days. This information comes from leaders of the hunt for the gang which on March 14 swooped down on the Carroll County Court, killed Judge Massie, Prosecutor Foster, Sheriff Webb, Fowler, a juror, and Miss Nancy Ayres, and wounded two bystanders.

NO CONSPIRACY IN BRANDT CASE.

"The grand jury investigating the Brandt case brought in a report finding no evidence of conspiracy, and was discharged by Judge Crain. So ended the case that has occupied the time of the grand jury for nearly two months and has entailed the hearing of forty-one witnesses, including Folke, E. Brandt, Mortimer L. Schiff and Mrs. Schiff and the examination of a great mass of documentary evidence.

IT BEGINS TO LOOK AS IF WE MIGHT HAVE ANOTHER ECLIPSE.
—Duluth News-Tribune.

"Philip S. Hichborn, a young lawyer and son of the late Rear Admiral Philip Hichborn, killed himself at Washington in despondency and humiliation over the elopement more than a year ago of his wife, Elenore Hoyt Hichborn, with Horace L. Wylie, a prominent Washington attorney. He shot himself in the head with an automatic army revolver and died almost instantly.

"Part of the brain of an ill man was extracted and replaced with that taken from a still-born infant at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, by Dr. Harvey Cushing. It is said to be the first operation of its kind ever performed, and it is thought it will be successful. The patient, William Buckner, had suffered for some time from a peculiar affection of the brain, which caused him to be continually drowsy.

"Lexington avenue, between 87th and 88th streets, suddenly collapsed from curb to curb and plunged downward forty feet into the bedrock tunnel of the new subway after an unusually heavy blast that had been set off by men employed by the Bradley Contracting Company. For a few minutes after the explosion the scene was similar to the confusion following an earthquake.

"Max Freeman, the 'godfather of comic opera,' ended a long career as an actor, manager and producer by hanging himself with a fire escape rope in his room at the Hotel Grenoble, this city.

"In the New Castle County Superior Court at Wilmington, Del., John Bancroft, jr., obtained a divorce from his wife, Madeleine Du Pont Bancroft. The male infant whose paternity Bancroft disowned and whom he named Max Heibler, jr., in making the child a codefendant in the suit, is declared to be illegitimate.

"A photographic map of the entire sky, showing about 1,500,000 stars, has been prepared in sections by the Harvard University astronomers. Placed together, the map sections would cover more than five acres."

FRENCH BANDITS CAUSE TERROR.

"What's been going on in foreign lands?" inquired Busy Man.

"The most recent exploit of the band of automobile road pirates who have put rural France in a state of terror by their swiftness and relentlessness has created a tremendous impression. An automobile was stolen and the chauffeur killed as the car was passing through the historical forest of Sénart, about twenty-five miles from Paris, to the southeast. The machine was traced northward through Villaneuve-St. Georges to Paris. Where the bandits picked up two confederates, and thence to Chantilly, twenty-three miles to the northeast of the capital. They immediately stormed the bank at Chantilly, shot two employes dead, returned to the suburb of Asnières and made good their escape. All trace of them was lost.

"The window smashing campaign of the militant suffragettes had an unexpected sequel in the rejection in Parliament of the women's enfranchisement bill by fourteen votes. The result is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that a similar measure passed the second reading last May by a majority of 167.

"Apparently trustworthy messages report a federal rout at Jiminez, Mexico. General Gonzalez Salas, the federal commander, is reported to have committed suicide. Gonzales Salas, who resigned as Minister of War to take active charge of the campaign against Orozco, killed himself at Berjemillo by shooting himself through the head while with a part of his army he was retreating to Torreon after the reverse at Corralitos, twenty miles south of Jiminez. General Victoriano Huerta, formerly in command of federal forces in Morelos, has been named to succeed him.

"The British Government's minimum wage bill became a law, receiving the royal assent. Simultaneously balloting by the coal miners throughout the British Isles was proceeding to settle the question whether the strikers should return to work or let the mines lie idle pending a decision by the district boards, provided for in the bill, as to what the rates of wages shall be in the various coal mine districts. While the result of the balloting will not be known officially until next Thursday, there was prevalent everywhere a feeling of optimism that the vote would favor a resumption of work and that meantime thousands of miners would return to work in anticipation of such a decision.

"Three Americans, Messrs. Hicks, Hoffman and Sheldon, presumed to be missionaries, are said to have been attacked while exploring the gorges in the Yang-tse River, China, in a boat, and all three robbed and wounded."

PACKERS ARE ACQUITTED.

"Any news of interest in the business world?" asked Busy Man.

"Chicago packers ended a ten years' legal battle with the government when a jury in United States District Judge Carpenter's court found them not guilty of violating the criminal section of the Sherman anti-trust law. Whether further investigations into the beef packing industry will be made District Attorney Wilkerson refused to say.

"The Interstate Commerce Commission in an opinion made public at Washington established the farreaching principle that a railroad must so adjust its rates that justice will be done between communities, regardless of the state lines. If a railroad makes a low rate on traffic wholly within a state, even when forced to do so by a state commission, it must accord the same rate to interstate traffic moving under substantially similar conditions. The principle was laid down by a vote of 4 to 3. The minority held that the powers of Congress were usurped by the majority opinion and that the remedy for such a situation should be applied through additional legislation.

"The great Lawrence strike, which brought in its train increased wages for 275,000 textile workers in New England, was officially declared off at all the mills in Lawrence, having accomplished its purpose, in the opinion of the leaders.

"The first step toward a stoppage in coal production in the United States as a result of the miners' wage disputes was taken when the union ordered 170,000 miners in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania to quit work to-night at midnight. The suspension was ordered because of the operators' refusal to grant the union demands for increased pay. The shutting down of the mines, union officials say, will cause a loss in the coal production of the country of 7,083,000 tons of anthracite a month, and will entail a loss in pay to the miners of not less than $350,000 for every day they remain out. Measures to induce miners and operators to renew negotiations broken off in New York several weeks ago already are talked of.

DEATH LIST OF THE WEEK.

"What well known persons have died in the last seven days?" asked Busy Man.

"John Arbuckle, coffee importer and philanthropist, died at his home, No. 315 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, from general breakdown. Mr. Arbuckle was seventy-three years old. Hezekiah Kohn, who had devoted the greater part of his life to charitable work, died from heart disease at his home, No. 3 West 39th street. He was ninety years old. Stephen R. Bassett, formerly secretary of the National Editorial Association, died from heart disease at his home, No. 512 West 136th street.

"Bishop Yoichi Honda, of the Methodist Church of Japan, died at Nagasaki from typhoid fever. Christian Gottfried Albert Traeger, member of the Reichstag from Oldenburg and 'Father of the House,' died in Berlin in his eighty-second year. Lady Elizabeth Drummond, the widow of Sir Arthur Victor Arthur Wellington Drummond, K. C. M. G., C. B., died in Paris.

"Robert F. Wynne, formerly a captain in the United States Marine Corps and known in the navy as 'The Fighting Marine,' died at the home of his father, ex-Postmaster General Robert J. Wynne, in Washington. Mrs. Anna Potter, once a candidate for Mayor of Kansas City, died at her home there. Mrs. Potter was a pioneer in the woman's suffrage movement. Robert Sampson Lanier, fourth son of the Southern poet, Sidney Lanier, died at his home, No. 628 West 114th street, this city. William McAllister, a retired yacht builder of City Island, New York, died at Washington. Robert Reid, founder of the Reid Ice Cream Company and the Union Dairy Company, died at his home, in Brooklyn, from apoplexy."

Epic of the Wily Prune Is Shinn's Latest "Drammer"

Tear Stained "Lucy Moore" Exposes the Villany of a Notorious Fruit.

Prune hating is a virtue. Though this has long been secretly believed by people of gastronomic discretion, the fact was finally established by a company of melodramatists in a very secluded playhouse down near Washington Square one memorable night recently.

If the enthusiastic reviewer of this extraordinary first night held in the artist section of our proud and varied city should begin to refer to the celebrated artist-dramatist of the occasion, Everett Shinn, as the white hope of a new and real national drama movement, the reader must be lenient. After all, enthusiasm, as long as it is neither about the latest religion nor the most recent invention, nor about books nor novels, nor modern progress, is harmless enough. And, honestly, nobody who stood or sat in the back yard studio theatre of Mr. Shinn's house, at No. 142 Waverley Place, to see the private dress rehearsal of "Lucy Moore" last Wednesday night, among the little crowd of people who had laughed and clapped and shouted till they were quite maudlin, could have helped becoming enthusiastic.

It all started last year, when the Shinns had to give some kind of a party as their contribution to the winter's festivities. Mr. Shinn wrote a play. We all write plays. He had not escaped the infection, you see, even by living near Washington Square.

After that party nothing would do but that the Shinns must write more plays. Last summer they gave one at Bellport for charity and made a peck of dollars out of it. It was called "Hazel Weston; or, More Sinned Against than Usual." And what do you think? A prowling vaudeville manager saw it and bought the rights. Now it is in rehearsal, and will soon be offered here for all New York to see.

No wonder Mr. Shinn has copyrighted his latest "great American drama," "Lucy Moore, the Prune Hater's Daughter."

Those who were whisperingly invited to go see the try-out of this just invective against the sloppy prune came away talking about Waverley Place (No. 112) as the cradle of the drama. There were many things they said. There were scenery that was not too realistic, costumes that not only revealed character, but were an inspiration to the sketch artist, and there was a charming lack of taking themselves seriously on the part of the dramatic artists concerned. So unselfconscious a spirit prevailed that one of the chief actors and instigators of the affair next morning in the course of her marketing actually went to a certain well known dry grocery store and ordered a fresh supply of prunes.

"Mr. Shinn likes them, you know, in spite of what he said in his play," she confessed.

Another charming thing. The dramatist then wrote wholly for art's sake and not to air a petty dislike of his own.

But to the play!

Imagine a pleasantly small one story building erected behind Mr. Shinn's dwelling house, with a short yard space in between; inside the glass door (little panes of glass like a Colonial window) ceilinged studio, with its walls co paintings, sketches and half-finis Opposite, as you enter, the proscenium and red curtains of a miniature stage, with footlights and all appurtenances. As many camp chairs as possible are set in rows, but an eager audience is also perched about on chests and boxes, and even clinging to the side prope of the big easel in the corner.

There you have the Waverley Place drama cradle. What could be better?

The orchestra arrives, sits on the piano stool and dreams off into the Venetian gilds (sometimes known as the barcarolle from "The Tales of Hoffmann"). She is probably the most sympathetic orchestra in New York, for she not only interprets your own mood, but translates the intent of the drama throughout its course, intertwining explanatory tunes in an arboreal unity of music that is as invaluable a "trot" to the play as the orchestral part of a Wagner opera is to the action.

The curtains part, and a perfect stage scene in miniature is revealed. It is the interior of the Old Mill. The music hushes down to a mere tremolo as the creaking door swings open and red-headed, hang-jawed Sammy stumbles in with a bag of prunes, which he throws on the floor with a heavy thud. The orchestra immediately sounds the prune motif (a bass chord to suggest the color, with a trickling treble to imply the taste), and the great "twelve-act drama in four acts" is on.

Sammy is played by Mr. James Preston, and Mr. Preston, whereas he is a spirited pantomimist, finds it practically impossible to remember the words of his part. The playwright always gives him as few as possible and makes them as simple as the language permits. It was a rash thing, therefore, to give Mr. Preston the opening lines of the play. And Mr. Preston looked piteously across the little row of footlights into the unsympathetic smiles that gleamed at him catlike from the dark auditorium.

Oh, yes! At last they came to him!

"Prunes! Wisht folks would get horses to haul their prunes for them. Wonder why old Edgar Moore drowned 'imself. Lucy ain't been the same since."

Short, clear and precise. The next few lines reveal that Edgar Moore was a philanthropist who tried to rid the world of prunes, that maybe he wasn't "drowned," either, and that Lucy was his daughter, on whom Sammy was "sweet."

As soon as the plot is exhibited as far as prudent, the orchestra plays a barrel motif, and Sammy runs and climbs with squirrel-like agility into a prune barrel up left. Just in time, for the door opens and two villains enter—Doc Allen and Glue Melch.

Not two minutes of conversation from these two before your suspicion that Edgar Moore ain't dead after all is verified. They pull up a trapdoor in the floor, a light flares up through the hole, and there he is, secreted in the cellar working to perfect a machine for seeding prunes. Only one defect in the machine—if the lever is reversed it puts all the pits back in their skins.

Doc Allen quietly closes the trapdoor. He smells dollars. Why couldn't he and Glue steal the old man's invention and make money selling seeded prunes?

"Why hasn't Edgar Moore thought of that?" muses Glue.

"No," says the wiser Doc, "when a man hates prunes he can't see any money in 'em. All he wants to do is to get 'em off his plate."

Act II. The artificial flower shop in Boston, where Lucy Moore, the supposed orphan, is eking out a pitiful existence making "Happy Home" wreaths. Lucy's great innocent eyes are like twin stars (you can see the rays from the farthest back corner of the auditorium). She wears a black dress, poor little orphan, and on her poor feet are white silk stockings and black, high heeled suede shoes, with a diamond buckle in front. On her poor fingers are several diamond rings, while her soft curls are done up into a coif that reaches far up into the ether above her head. The little dear bends over a rough table, making a "Rest in Heaven" piece out of daisies, while the vindictive forelady, Miss Wasp, willows up and down keeping an eye on her.

But it must be remembered that this is a twelve-act drama, and though it is condensed into four acts it is mightily condensed. So that the detailed story would trail into the infinite even if one could recall it.

The excellent part of "Lucy Moore" was that it had no consecutive story, it was merely composed of notable scenes. There was the scene where Doc Allen and Glue Melch gambled for the possession of Lucy, letting the erratic moves of an enormous black spider determine to which of them she would belong. There was the scene in the Eureka flower shop, where Doc orders a wreath, provided that Lucy be appointed to deliver it. There is the old inventor chained to the floor working over his prune machine. And it is safe to assert positively that Wilfrid Buckland had a red-eyed, white-cheeked, wild-haired make-up on such as had never before been imagined on the stage or off it, except in the final stage of the d. t's.

Mr. Shinn's great American drama, although totally indescribable as to actual happening, is rich in suggestions to the dramatist and most happy in its results on the audience. From it the dramatist may discover that the play is not the thing. The "thing" is the scenery plus the make-up plus the acting. He may discover that a play has to have neither a purpose nor a plot, that the dramatist does not have to believe in his art, but that the actors, although they do not have to know their lines, must act with intensity and have their hearts in their work. Two other important observations for the dramatist are, first, that he need not account for the incidents in a play nor the actions of characters. They can drop in the door. No explanations necessary. The audience asks no questions while it is offered tense and thrilling incident, performed on the stage. The other is that bright lines, rather than plot, are the order of the day.

In other words, the Shinn drama is a miniature, high powered burlesque of the drama our forebears loved and wept over. Go on, Mr. Shinn, look around at the plays that are "appealing to our hearts" to-day and get us up one of your interpretations of those!

CAST OF "LUCY MOORE."

Doc Allen (in devil's pay)	Wilfrid Buckland
Glue Melch (also)	E. Shinn
Miss Wasp	Edith Glackens
Edgar Moore	Ben Ali Haggin
Lucy Moore	Florence Scovel Shinn
Sammy	James M. Preston
Inky Wriggler	A spider

WILFRED BUCKLAND AND EVERETT SHINN, VILLAINS; JAMES M. PRESTON (NERO) IN BARREL.

THE BOSS.

Three-Finger Sam, he used to be as bold as any one.
He spoke up quick. They said he had four notches on his gun
And never took no back talk from a stranger or a friend.
Whenever trouble started he was there to superintend.
We stood and gazed respectful as he drained the jovial cup.
He never went to bed, but used to sleep a-standin' up.
He was the roughest, toughest man that ever hit the place—
And now you ought to see him! He's completely fell from grace.
He met a gal, not five feet high and wispy-like and pale.
She married him an' now he's hit the water wagon trail.
He wears a coat an' collar and he even combs his hair
An' hesitates in talkin' 'cause he knows he dasn't swear.
An' Mrs. Sam, she says she wouldn't be no suffragette;
She's satisfied to boss one able-bodied man, you bet.
That's ready to break loose like water from a busted dam
An' clean up the community if she says "Sick 'em, Sam!" —Washington Star.

HOW SHE WAS MENTIONED.

"I met Miss Knox to-day," said Miss Blundrin. "By the way, she asked me if I knew you."

"Is that so?" said Miss Giggles.

"Yes, we had quite an argument. I happened to remark that Mary Simpers was the silliest girl I knew, and she—er—she simply wouldn't agree with me."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

HIS SPECIALTY.

"Do you speak several languages, father?"

"No, my son," replied Mr. Henpeck, gazing sadly at his wife; "but I do know the mother tongue."—Judge.

BENNETT ON AMERICA

First Article in Series by the English Novelist.

We have lost the sensitive self-consciousness with which, in our rawer and at the same time more complacent days, we received the criticisms of Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens. Indeed, we have turned the tables with a vengeance, for no college girl, no teacher, nowadays returns from her trip to to Europe without writing a book about it, filled with the frankest criticism of all things transatlantic. And generally their strictures on foreign ways, customs and people are about as accurate as are those of the average foreign tourist who, returned home from a six weeks' visit to us, slangs us, our past, our present and our future, our manners and our cuisine in book or periodical.

Still, we remain interested in what distinguished foreign visitors, men and women who have earned the right to speak, have to say about us. We welcome them, we make much of them, we show them all that we prize most and all that they wish to see, bid them goodby and then await the result. There was Paul Bourget, for instance, twenty years ago, H. G. Wells more recently, and Arnold Bennett only the other day.

Mr. Bennett has returned home, and begins to show us to ourselves as he sees us in the April number of "Harpers Magazine." "Begin" is perhaps not the right word. He is only just getting ready. In fact, this first instalment of "Your United States," as this series of articles will be called, yields but little to the hasty or superficial reader. But that is just the point. Haste is most unbecoming in him who would read Arnold Bennett, and superficiality a serious handicap.

This first paper, indeed, must be read with the scrutiny of a detective looking for clews—in the Sherlock Holmesian manner. And when read in this way it will be found to contain a great many pegs upon which to hang our expectations, besides much miscellaneous information of various kinds.

As to Mr. Bennett himself. He has skillfully drawn between the lines of this brief article a character sketch of himself that will be valuable to his future biographers. He, like all of us, will have a centenary of his birth some day, and there is a greater chance of its being observed by posterity than that of most of the rest of us. To his portrait, then, as drawn by himself.

Arnold Bennett is a man in the best period of life, somewhat sensitive, not to say touchy, about his personal appearance, inclined to taciturnity, of delicate nerves, modest both as an individual and as a Briton, yet a typical representative of his race. Also, he is a poor sailor.

Do not look astonished, Watson. Listen to your Uncle Sherlock and see how simple it is. We will take the last statement first.

We know that Mr. Bennett is a poor sailor because he begins his article in mid-ocean, sitting at breakfast, or dinner, or supper, which consists of an ice and a rusk. He does not tell us whether this was on the first, the second or the third day out, and what had gone before he discreetly veils in silence. Furthermore, he remembers with unmistakable aversion a discussion of the digestibility of buckwheat cakes in the lounge of the steamer, and never once mentions tobacco. Last of all, when on the night of his arrival in New York his hosts invited him to partake of the free lunch in a Broadway cafe he declined with mental reflections which he reserved for utterance until the appearance of the April "Harper's."

That he is a typical Briton is proved by his astonishment at the behavior of the American girls on board:

Those muscular, striding girls in caps and shawls would not yield an inch to me in their promenade; they brushed strongly and carelessly past me; had I been a ghost they would have walked through me.

Most XTR'ord'n'ry behavior indeed!

There is, also, Mr. Bennett's scorn of the Scandinavians in the steerage, applauding "Home, Sweet Home," as if they had a right to it! No doubt, most of these Norsemen and Swedes and Danes were really returning home, but Mr. Bennett, perhaps believing the song to be English, resented their making free with it. And then his exultation over the English waiters in the dining room of the steamer, "one of the extremely few fashionable restaurants left in the world, where an order given in English is understood at the first try, and where the English language is not assassinated by menials who despise it, who slang one another openly in the patois of Geneva, Luxemburg, or Naples."

A bulldogmatic Englishman, yet modest withal, for in his description of the wonders of the floating city in which he crossed it is only by delicate inference, shadowy between the lines, that he makes us feel that, though Columbia may be the pride of the ocean, it is the Lusitania that rules the waves.

A man of delicate nerves, because Mr. Bennett informs us incidentally that after-dinner coffee keeps him awake. A man sensitive about his personal appearance, because he sternly takes to task the reporter who, on the morning after his arrival, made an allusion to his teeth. Mr. Bennett, industrious man of letters, probably but slightly interested in the affairs of nations, probably did not know then, though he might have learned later, that one set of determined teeth has played a prominent part in our public life, and consequently in the lives of our reporters, for, lo, these many years. Mr. Bennett gets even, instead, by reminding them, men and women reporters both, that they, too, are "not all Lillian Russells, either."

Last of all, Mr. Bennett is a man in the best years of life, because he betrays a healthful, vivid interest in the eternal feminine. There is in the very first paragraph of this beginning of his narrative and wanderings:

The figure of a woman. She wore a pale blue dress and a white apron and cap, and carried a dish in uplifted hands, with the gesture of an acolyte. On the lily of the apron were two red marks, and as she approached, tripping, scornful, unheeding, along the interminable carpeted aisle, between serried tables of correct diners, the vague blur of her face gradually developed into features, and the two red marks on her stomacher grew into two rampant lions; and she passed on, bearing away the dish, and these mysterious symbols, and finally vanished through another door.

A symbol herself, this woman scornful in servitude? A contrast to the striding, muscular girls encountered on deck who would not yield an inch? A foreshadowing of the consideration of the changing status of woman which no foreigner visiting America can evade? We shall see. Meanwhile it is a vivid picture, tellingly drawn. Then there is the talk in the lounge about the beauty of the women of Yucatan, which suddenly put all the men—or at least most of them—on the alert, and made them regretful when it drifted away from the subject to end lamely in the digestibility of buckwheat cakes. And, finally, Mr. Bennett spent a morning watching the vaccination of the women in the steerage. So far as the eternal feminine is concerned, Mr. Bennett the novelist and Mr. Bennett the observant traveller will be found to be one.

In all this there is very little about America? Perhaps. But there are intimations here that make this introductory article well worth reading. Mr. Bennett indicates his attitude toward his subject clearly enough, and with a skill that promises well. One glimpse he gives at Broadway by night—the Great White Way—a mere flitting impression, and then bids us wait for his next instalment. His illustrator does not outstrip him, but accompanies him step by step. Mr. Craig draws a capital picture of one of those independent girls who so incomprehensibly expected Mr. Bennett to give way to them on the promenade of the ship.

EDITH GLACKENS AS THE SHOPKEEPER, WILFRED BUCKLAND AS THE VILLAIN AND FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN AS THE ORPHAN.